

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

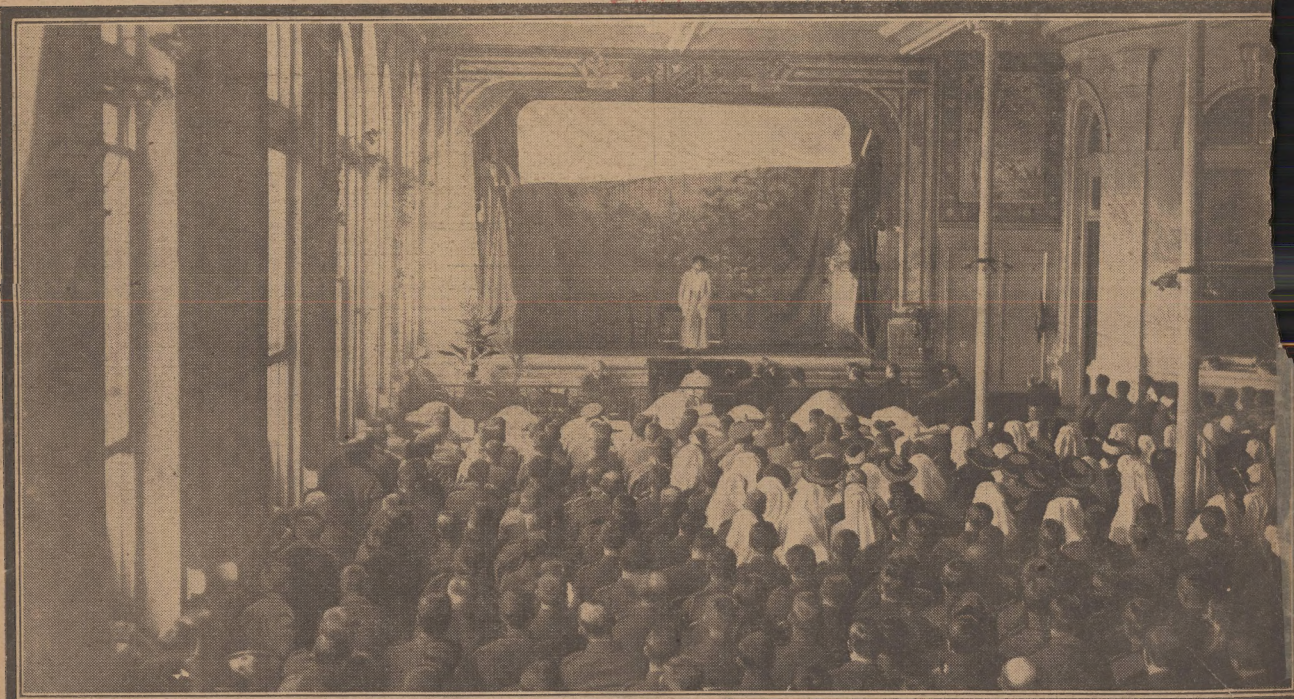
No. 3,400.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914

One Halfpenny

THE STAGE AT THE FRONT: BRITISH THEATRICAL STARS
ENTERTAINING OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT BOULOGNE.



Miss Ellaline Terriss singing "Thank you for all you are doing," inside the hospital at Boulogne.



The audience of wounded soldiers listening to Mr. Seymour Hicks's concert party in the hospital.

These photographs illustrate the scene inside the hospital at Boulogne while Miss Ellaline Terriss, one of Mr. Seymour Hicks's party of theatrical stars now visiting France to entertain the men who are fighting their country's battles, was singing a

song which has been specially written for the visit: "Thank you for all you are doing." As will be seen a large part of the audience was composed of wounded men, who were too ill to leave their beds. They all enjoyed themselves.

GOOSE-STEP DAILY IN SEA PRISONS.

Germans' Round of Pleasure on British Detention Ships.

SAUSAGES AND BEER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
BRITISH SEAPORT TOWN, Dec. 30.—If you follow along the front this week you will see a long line of mammoth steamers at anchor.

In a daylight little sign of life is apparent, but at night, when these vessels blink with lights and the twinkling of a piano is blended with the voices of men, you suddenly realise that these ships are inhabited.

Music is German, for these British ships are swarmed with German prisoners. As I was while I was visiting the town that I three National Reservists, who are doing on board.

"Doublesome?" they repeated when I inquired about their captives' behaviour. "They are so jolly happy and comfortable for words. They have little work to do except to make beds and do the cooking, but they just to clean up the ship."

On our boat we have a German drill sergeant, and, with the permission of the commandant, he puts all the men through an drill in the morning and evening.

WEASED TO BE OUT OF THE WAR. I see them do the goose-step is one of the best things imaginable.

There is absolutely no chance of escape. Are sentenced four times a day, and there is a little too cold to tempt them to try to ashore.

After all, they are only too pleased to be from the war. "I did not want to fight," pushed into it," confessed one prisoner; "now I am here, I want to stop."

Too much for the military prisoners. The Germans are a nuisance here as at Frimley Douglas.

First they grumbled about their clothes. Yet when they were in prisoners many of them had not enough to cover themselves. Now each man has two new shirts, socks, undergarments, and, in many cases, new suits and waistcoats.

"Food! They have never had such meals in their lives. At Christmas special food was sent to them by their friends, and funny stuff it was, too. "One prisoner gave me a sort of pickled fish. I have been thirsty ever since!"

TOASTING THE "DUG-UPS." Apart from the special Christmas fare sent to them by friends the men had sausage, bacon and eggs for breakfast on Christmas morning.

"This was followed by a two hours' free and easy on the main deck. Then they went back to the stateroom and sang songs, listened to gramophones and played cards till dinner time."

"In the evening, when they had a smoking concert, a feature of the entertainment was the song "Tipperary," which had a fine reception.

"You should watch them at a smoker! First they take a huge gulp of beer, then they have a couple of puffs at their favourite weed, and then they munch great lumps of sickly-looking sausage mixed with cold pickled potatoes."

"At the end of the show at eleven o'clock, they raised their glasses to our commandant for his kindness to them and to us 'old Dug-ups.'"
P. J. W.

WANTED—A SCAPEGOAT.

COBENHAGEN, Dec. 30.—There is growing pessimism in Germany, and it is evident that the people are disappointed with the progress made by their army.

A member of the Reichstag of Belgian lineage, Konrad Hanemann, writing to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, says: Everywhere people in public are simulating optimism, but in private the very same people invariably express surprise that a favourable development has not come sooner.

Everyone is now seeking for a scapegoat to take the blame.

There is a strong undercurrent running against the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Bethmann von Hollweg, who is being accused of having made every conceivable mistake, and is even blamed for the apparent failure of military campaigns.—Exchange.

\$2,000 A YEAR LEFT TO SECRETARY.

Out of an estate provisionally valued at £225,000 Sarah Baroness Pirbright, widow of Baron Pirbright (Baron Henry de Worms), left to her secretary, Mr. Peter McGinn, £5,000, certain cash at the Bank of England in his name, a life annuity of £2,000, a quantity of furniture, pictures and articles of vertu.

Among her bequests to servants were the following:

To her butler, Edward Hamerton, a life annuity of £300, certain glass, china and plate.

To her former lady's maid, Mary McDermott, a life annuity of £200, certain dresses and furs and a small diamond brooch.

To her second lady's maid, Maud Rendell, an annuity of £100, certain furs and dresses and a brooch or brooch not exceeding £50 in value.

To Mary McGinn, if still in her service or left to marry with her consent, a life annuity of £200.

Various pictures are bequeathed to the National Gallery and the Louvre.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.:—At first fair to fine, local mist, then settled; some rain, sleet, or snow; cold to rather milder.

BEDSIDE EVIDENCE.

Coroner Visits Hospital to Hear Survivor's Story of the Bulwark Disaster.

EXPLOSION MYSTERY.

To take the evidence of a wounded survivor of H.M.S. Bulwark, which blew up off Sheerness on November 26, the coroner and several jurors, at the resumed inquest on the victims held at Gillingham yesterday, visited the man in his bed at the hospital.

Frank Budd, the marine in question, told the coroner that he was at breakfast with his mates when he saw a flash at. The deck seemed to give way, and they fell down. When he came up from the water the first thing he did was to look round, and he saw that the ship had gone.

He knew it was "all up" with them, but he did not expect to see the ship gone completely. From the time he was falling down until he was in the water he did not seem to remember anything.

Lieutenant B. G. Carroll, assistant coaling officer at Sheerness, who saw the explosion,



Mr. C. A. W. Tibbitts, formerly a London taxi driver, who has just gone to the front as an Army airman. He is the first taxi driver to qualify for a pilot's certificate.

said he did not think it could possibly have been caused by the throwing away of cigarette ends.

Rear-Admiral Gaunt, who was president of the court of inquiry, said no ammunition loading was going on that morning.

There was evidence to show that there was no explosion outside. There was no evidence of treachery or of loose cordite. There was evidence, however, of loose cartridges in the cross-passage. He could not say that that had any relation to the explosion.

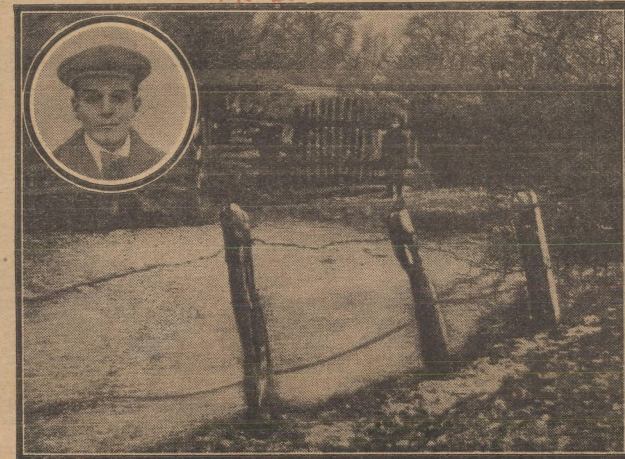
There was no evidence to show the actual cause of the explosion, but they did know it was accidental. He was satisfied that the explosion was the result of an accident.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death in all cases.

ELLALINE TERRISS HOME AGAIN.

Miss Ellaline Terriss returned to London yesterday from her short "starring" trip to France. She has been singing in hospitals, barns, market place—in fact, wherever an audience could be accommodated.

Some of the sights in the hospitals were very sad, but the spirit of the men is splendid, she told *The Daily Mirror*. They are all eager to get back to the fighting line, and it is wonderful how little they think of themselves.



The pond on the outskirts of Leicester in which the dead body of a well-dressed woman was discovered by a little boy, aged eleven, named Harold Scothorn (in circle). The body has not been identified, but at the coroner's inquest it was proved that she died from strangulation, and not from drowning.

BILL STICKING GUN.

Motor-car Without Wheels Among Old Year's Inventions.

"STEP OUT" HOBBLE SKIRTS.

A gun which sticks bills and which might in warfare be used for rapidly posting proclamations and notices is one of the many interesting inventions patented during the year 1914.

By means of this contrivance, which dispenses with a ladder, posters have been placed at heights of 30ft. from distances of 50ft. and more.

Among other fascinating inventions of the past year, are the following:—

Wheelless motor-car designed for passing over rough ground and climbing steep hills. Instead of wheels, the car has three parallel pairs of movable runners. As soon as the motor is started, one pair is raised, moved forward and set on the ground, and these movements are imitated by the succeeding runners. The vehicle has successfully climbed and descended an inclined plane at an angle of 45deg.

Aeroplane telephone apparatus enabling travellers in the air to converse in spite of the noise of the engine.

Bank messenger's handbag with revolver concealed in handle. The weapon can be fired by the messenger without disengaging his hand from the handle.

Pocket safe, consisting of metal box with a device for fixing it in pocket. As soon as it is unlocked an audible signal begins to work.

Hobble skirt in which one is enabled to "step out" the lower part being accented pleated with a concealed elastic attachment.

A patent of interest to the nautical world is a ship with an upper deck which can be released from the hull and will float when the vessel sinks.

SPORTSWOMEN'S CHANCE.

Wonderful Bargains To Be Picked Up at the London Sales—Sporting Outfit for £1.

The sportswoman can now buy her outfit as cheaply as the woman who specialises in ultra-feminine attire, both as regards skirts and coats. In the sales sports coats are being sold at half-price, and many women are wearing these garments in the house on cold days.

In fact, the whole of a sporting outfit for walking, golf, or wet weather can be bought for a sovereign.

New and more expensive sports outfits are being shown in black and white.

These are of silk make and have pretty pockets. If in white they have black silk or satin sashes; if in black they have white sashes.

At the sales, in contrast to the sports costumes, little French boudoir caps are being sold. Quite nice little sports coats are being sold as cheaply as 8s. 11d. each.

For black and white sports costumes and coats black and white stockings in check are having a vogue.

LOST LIGHTSHIP PICKED UP.

The South Goodwin Lightship, which broke from her moorings during the recent storm, was picked up yesterday ten miles off the North Foreland Lighthouse and towed into Margate.

All the crew of seven are safe. During the storm in the Saffron Walden district the Rev. J. B. Thomas, curate at Radwenter, who was acting as a special constable, was washed off a footbridge under some culverts.

His body was found on Tuesday evening in three feet of water.

The Thames in the Chertsey, Egham, Shepperton and Weybridge district is in full flood.

WAR BUDGET FOR HOUSEWIVES.

"Well Balanced Food Bill" for the Chancellor of the Larder.

PLENTY OF FRUIT.

Thousands of housewives, in constructing their weekly budgets to come into line with the present period of economy, have had difficulty in deciding how much to take off this or that item of expense, such as meat and fish.

A large general stores has now solved the problem by setting out what is called "a well-balanced food bill," giving the best proportion of food cost to be allotted to each item. It is as follows:—

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Groceries	35.6	Meat	18.2
Provisions	12.3	Pastries, etc.	1.7
Fish	11.7	Milk	10.4
Poultry	3.2	Bread	6.6
Fruit and vegetables ..	17.3		
		Total	100.0

On the basis of a family of six, spending £2 5s. a week on food, this works out as under:—

	s. d.		s. d.
Groceries	8 4	Meat	8 2
Provisions	5 6	Pastries, etc.	9
Fish	5 3	Milk	4 8
Poultry	1 5	Bread	2 11
Fruit and vegetables ..	7 9	Total	£2 5 0

An experienced housewife, on being shown these tables by *The Daily Mirror*, made the following comments:—

"Fruit and vegetables are, very properly, put down at almost as much as meat; this is a much better proportion than adopted in most households, who eat rather too much meat, which is now dear.

"Very little is allowed for pastries and cakes, which are luxuries; so, too, is poultry. The proportion for milk is, in my opinion, very wise, though higher than in most households."



The first big boxing match of the new year takes place at the Ring, Blackfriars-road, to-morrow night, when that coloured marvel, the Dixie Kid, meets the great North-country middleweight, Nicol Simpson, in a great championship contest. The betting stands atevens. The Dixie Kid is photographed with his coach.

"LETTING IN" THE NEW YEAR.

London's big hotels have arranged elaborate welcomes for 1915.

Patriotism will be the dominant note of the programmes, and at the Piccadilly Hotel the supper menu will bear the device of a closed trunk (1915) about to be opened by our Allies. "What will it produce?" is the question the guests will be asked.

At the Carlton a decorative scheme of a patriotic character is being completed.

At the Savoy, where the arrival of the new year will be announced by a fanfare by the Coldstreams, many officers home on leave from the front have booked tables.

THREE NEW LAWS TO-MORROW.

Three new laws of considerable importance come into operation to-morrow.

The law of naturalisation will make it more difficult to become a British subject.

The applicant, who must have a good character and adequate knowledge of the English language, must have resided for at least five years of the immediately preceding eight years within the British Dominions and for the year immediately preceding the application within the United Kingdom itself.

The other two Acts relate to mentally defective children and pure milk.

A TRANSFORMED NATION.

The new spirit in the nation awakened by the war is subject for some striking comments by the Bishop of London in his New Year's letter, issued yesterday. The Bishop writes:—

"What has given a new look to the young class who were dully bending his head over accounts the City? What has brought the heavy plough boy, the despair of the country parson, forward from his plough, and let him be Private Smith, the King's Own, and it is thought likely he will have the V.C.?"

The Bishop thinks the war may give the world a taste for public duty.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN VICTIMS OF GERMAN AIR RAID ON DUNKIRK

Fifteen Killed and Twenty-two Wounded by Rain of Aeroplane Bombs.

TAUBE SENTRY THAT KEPT WATCH FOR SKY-HUNS.

French Firmly Planted in Upper Alsace—Heavy Guns Silence Foe's Mortars.

ALLIES GAIN GROUND ON BELGIAN COAST.

The Germans, by way of reply to the raid on Cuxhaven, yesterday sent a fleet of five aeroplanes to drop bombs on Dunkirk, France's northernmost seaport.

Dunkirk is twenty-four miles east by north of Calais and forty-five miles east from Dover. The air Huns did not confine their attention to points of military significance, but shed bombs haphazard all over the town.

The numbers of victims of the raid, which include women and children, are, as far as is at present known, as follows:—

15 killed.
32 wounded.

While four of the Taubes and Aviatiks dropped bombs on the seaport a fifth aeroplane kept sentry-go to watch for the Allies' aircraft.

The advance along the Belgian coast continues steadily, and the Allies are slowly but surely making their way to Ostend.

Each day sees a bit of Belgium wrested from the grip of the invader.

On Tuesday it was the village of St. Georges that was captured, and now we learn that, despite German attempts to make it untenable by fierce shell fire, the village has been put into a state of defence. Yesterday further ground was gained in the region of Nieuport, opposite polders to the north of Lombaertzyde.

A polder is a piece of land which is below the level of the sea or nearest river and has been drained and brought under cultivation.

A decisive victory is expected, says an unofficial message, in the Vosges as a New Year's gift to the French people.

AIR BOMBS DROPPED ALL OVER TOWN.

Huns Reply to the Raid on Cuxhaven—British Ambulances Aid Victims.

DUNKIRK, Dec. 30.—In answer to our water-plant raid on Cuxhaven, German aeroplanes to-day raided Dunkirk, and for more than half an hour were dropping bombs all over the town.

The visiting fleet comprised five aeroplanes, four of which—Taubes and Aviatiks—flew several times across the city, dropping bombs on each journey.

Soldiers in the streets replied with vigorous rifle fire, but the aeroplanes sailed calmly on.

One seemed to have been hit, for he turned on his head and descended several hundred feet before righting himself. All got safely away.

For the half-hour the city was in a state of much excitement, and the flight of each aeroplane was watched with the keenest anxiety. People immediately underneath scattered, running breathlessly into houses and shops.

The bombs fell first on one side and then on another.

No sooner did one aeroplane seem to be departing than another arrived.

CRACKLING OF SHOTS.

The whole city crackled with rifle shots and bombs, which threw up dense clouds of black smoke.

Buildings and windows were smashed in all directions, and the tramway lines at one place were cut clean through. The official return of casualties up to four o'clock was fifteen killed and thirty-two wounded.

The first bomb fell on the fortifications and two more near the railway station, another in the Rue Caumartin, and another in the kitchen of the military hospital; another near the town hall, others in the Rue Pierre and Nieuport and the last near the arsenal.

Two fell in the suburb of Rosendael on a jute factory.

The districts of Coudekerque and of Furnes also suffered, and many were wounded there.

CHILD BADLY HURT.

One child had an arm blown off, while another, with an old woman, was killed outright, being dreadfully disfigured.

The bombs were filled with shrapnel, which hit the walls and buildings.

A horse in the Rue Nieuport, close to the spot where a bomb fell, was mutilated.

British ambulances carried the sufferers to hospital. Some were dead on arrival.

A fifth German aeroplane remained as sentry

outside the town, taking no part in the raid, but holding itself in readiness to attack any of the Allies' aeroplanes seeking to repel the invading fleet.

BATTLE OF THE POLDERS.

PARIS, Dec. 30.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

In Belgium we gained a little ground in the Nieuport district opposite the polders to the north of Lombaertzyde.

The enemy violently bombarded Saint Georges, which place we have put into a state of defence.

We carried a German point d'appui to the south-east of Zonnebeke on the road from Becelaere to Paschendale.

From the Eys to the Oise nothing to report.

In the valley of the Aisne and in Champagne the enemy displayed a recrudescence of activity, which showed itself especially in a violent bombardment, to which our artillery effectively replied.

Between the Argonne and the Moselle there was a cannonade along the whole front, which was especially intense on the heights of the Meuse.

In Upper Alsace we are consolidating our positions. Our heavy artillery reduced to silence the German mortars which were bombarding Upper Anspach.—Reuter.

"MARKED PROGRESS."

PARIS, Dec. 30.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:—

No incidents of importance are reported, except for some bombardments in the region of Arras and on the heights of the Meuse.

There has also been progress in Champagne, apparently of a somewhat marked kind.

The bad weather persists on the greater part of the front.—Reuter.

A NEW YEAR'S VICTORY?

PARIS, Dec. 28 (received Dec. 30).—The French troops are reported to be progressing along the whole line in the Vosges.

A decisive result in this section of the battlefield is expected before the end of the week as a new year's present for the French people.—Central News.

IN NUTCRACKER'S JAWS.

PARIS, Dec. 30.—It appears from the wording of the latest official communiqué that a decisive result may be looked for at an early moment in the heights of the Meuse.

The German Army, which has held so tenaciously to Saint Mihiel, is, to judge by last night's official statement, in the jaws of a French nutcracker.

The engagement reported to the north-east of Troyon and those reported to the west of Apremont are almost certainly parts of the same important operation.—Central News.

FIGHT FOR ST. GEORGES.

The German official report, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, states:—

Fighting for the farm at St. Georges, south-east of Nieuport, which we were obliged to evacuate, still continues. The storm and heavy rain did much to damage our positions in Flanders and North France."

ANOTHER TRY FOR PARIS?

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 29.—The presence of the Kaiser on the western front is believed to be due to fear of the continued pressure of the Allies.

There is also the certainty that masses of the German first line troops are being held in reserve.

The question is whether they have merely been resting and will take their turn in the trenches with the second line troops, or whether they have been concentrated with the idea of making another attempt to "hack through" either to Calais or to Paris.—Central News.

THOUSAND AIR ARROWS DROPPED ON TRAIN.

French Airmen's Dash to Strassburg—Pilot Fires Carbine at Foe in Air.

"The Prince of Teck has expressed his warm thanks to the chief of the air squadron, who has been operating on the Belgian coast in conjunction with the British squadron," says the French "Eye-Witness" in his narrative communicated from Paris by the Exchange.

By "the Prince of Teck" the French "Eye-Witness," presumably, means Prince Alexander of Teck, Queen Mary's brother.

"On night of 17th," says the writer, "one of our dirigibles dropped fifteen bombs on the Strassbourg Railway Station, six on the Petit Eich and five bombs and 1,000 steel arrows, 'flechettes,' on a train in the town at Henning."

"The damage done was important, and the German papers recognised the fact."

"On the 18th one of our airmen shot with his rifle a German pilot, whose machine he saw dashed to pieces on impact with the ground, besides killing another near Arras and putting to flight a third with some twenty shots from his carbine."

On the 19th and 20th bombs were dropped on railway stations and trains and on a captive balloon, while on the 21st some were dropped on Strassburg and the station at Dieuze."

"To the north of Ypres," says the "Eye-Witness" in regard to the campaign in Belgium, "the struggle is concentrated near Steenstraete and Bixchoote and Korteker Inn. We are sweeping the surrounding country clear of the enemy. To the south of Ypres there were nothing but gains and no flinching."

CABINET DISCUSS NOTE SENT BY U.S.

Friendly Assurances by American Press—No "Ruffling Up" of Britain.

The Note of the United States Government to the British Government complaining of the treatment of American commerce by our Fleet was only received at the Foreign Office yesterday.

It is understood that the Note was discussed at a Cabinet Council, the first since Christmas, which was held at 10, Downing-street yesterday afternoon, and also at a conference held at the Foreign Office.

Sir Edward Grey only returned to the Foreign Office yesterday, after a few days' absence, and it is thought that the United States Ambassador will be invited to discuss the whole question with him at an early date.

NO JINGO EXPLOSIONS.

American comment on the Note is friendly to Britain, as the following telegrams will show:—New York, Dec. 29.—The newspapers discuss the representations of the United States to Great Britain in the most moderate terms.

The Post says:—There is no question of ruffling Great Britain or of putting this country in a hectoring position. It is simply a question of the vigilant safeguarding of our neutral rights.

The New York Herald says:—

That the British detention of American vessels for the purposes of search for contraband of war has proved embarrassing to some exporters cannot be questioned, but this hardly seems to warrant the broad assertion that the conditions thus produced are responsible for the depression in many American industries, especially at a time when we are told that no such depression exists.

The article concludes: "There is no warrant for jingo explosions either on this side of the Atlantic or on the other."—Reuter.

BERLIN ADMITS ROUTE IN CARPATHIANS.

Austrians Abandon Everything in Wild Flight Through the Passes.

ARMY FROZEN ON HEIGHTS.

The Austro-German rout through the passes of the Carpathians and up the mountain slopes is now admitted in Berlin.

The official German explanation is that the Russians were so strongly reinforced that it was necessary for the Austro-German troops to withdraw along the entire eastern front and in the plain of Gorlice (ninety-five miles south-east of Cracow). "The situation in the north has not been influenced thereby," adds the German account.

One effect of the sorry plight of the Austro-German armies, according to a Rome message, is that Austria has renounced all idea of retaliation against Serbia.

AUSTRIAN PANIC FLIGHT

PETROGRAD, Dec. 30.—The official communiqué issued to-day says:—

Along the front of the armies operating on the left bank of the Istula there was a lull, except in the Bolimov and Involodz districts and to the south of Malogostcha, where desperate fighting continues.

Assuming the offensive from Bolimov, the Germans, under a heavy fire, attacked the village of Borginoff and our trenches near Gura. In the process, by an immense counter-attack, killed all the enemy with the bayonet except a few soldiers who were made prisoners.

In this fighting we took some German machine-guns, inflicting enormous losses on the enemy who sent successively several regiments belonging to various army corps into this district.

Near Involodz our troops captured the enemy's trenches to the south of Possade, and occupied them after a stubborn struggle.

In West Galicia our troops are progressing vigorously.

East of Zaklitchine we carried by assault several of the enemy's fortified works, capturing forty-four officers, 1,500 men and eight quick-firers.

South-west of Duka our troops by a most determined attack dislodged the Austrians from their strong positions and put them to flight in a panic.—Reuter.

ROUT IN MOUNTAIN PASS.

ROME, Dec. 29.—According to an official Russian report received here from Petrograd, the flight of the Austrians across the Carpathians surpassed any former rout. In the region of the Duka Pass the Austrians, in their precipitate retreat, left behind everything, including staff documents, maps, regimental colours and money, besides immense quantities of arms.—Reuter.

The plight of the Austrian armies is stated to be terrible. Three army corps are paralysed in the mountains south of Przemyśl, where the cold is so intense that the Russians constantly find men frozen to death.

FOE ANNIHILATED.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 30.—The following semi-official statement is issued:—

The fighting at the village of Zarzece on December 22 was the decisive factor in stopping the German offensive in the Tatra front, the Germans having crossed that river with a brigade recently brought up from the banks of the Yser.

Towards 5 p.m. our infantry delivered a fierce attack, and at seven in the evening the enemy was driven from his trenches and fled towards the Beura.

Those who sought to swim across perished in the water. The brigade was almost wholly annihilated.

This success is the more significant from the fact that it was gained at the most important point of the German offensive and by our regiments recently formed in Russia.—Reuter.

"HEARTS FULL OF GRIEF."

The outbreak of war between Great Britain and Turkey, Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Sudan, says in a dispatch published last night, was the occasion of a remarkable outburst of loyalty to Great Britain on the part of the Moslem inhabitants of the Sudan.

The following are extracts from some messages received by Sir Reginald Wingate:—

El Sayed Ali El Morghani, C.M.G.:—"We regret exceedingly, and our hearts are filled with grief at Turkey's action in participating in a war against Great Britain. This act is assuredly against the desires of the Sultan and his wise councillors, and has given great offence to the Moslems in all four quarters of the globe."

El Sayed Ahmed El Morghani:—"The British Government in the just Government that has rescued the inhabitants of the Sudan from the trials and miseries of former years."

Sherif Yusef El Hind: "Excellency, during the present time we beg to offer ourselves and all we possess for the fight side by side with you against Turkey and the Germans."

El Sayed Ali El Morghani and Sayed Ahmed, his brother, are the heads of the powerful and widely established Morghani sect.



Many well-known women attended the Guildhall yesterday afternoon to assist in the distribution of toys to Belgian refugee children. In the photograph Countess Torby can be seen with white fringed muff and the Countess of Limerick in white furs.

ONE OF FRANCE'S FAMOUS "75's" IN ACTION.



A French "75" in action against the German lines. The gun had been placed in position in a beet field. This photograph in no way resembles the popular idea of a battle picture.



Stretcher bearers with a wounded man passing a battery of French "75's" in action against the German lines. The men with the battery are not paying the slightest attention to the wounded. They have other business.

DIED FIGHTING.



Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., of the Grenadier Guards, who was killed in action.

ONE DEFEATS 23.



Private H. J. Hastings, 2nd Bucks, awarded D.C. Medal for putting twenty-three Germans to flight.

CLOWN PRINCE'S PIPE.



This is the wonderful pipe which the Clown Prince has modestly sent to his soldiers for Christmas. It bears his portrait.

SERIOUSLY ILL.



The Marchioness of Downshire, who is lying critically ill with typhoid fever.

BRAVE CONDUCT.



Private A. E. Bentley, of the 1st Bedfordshire, awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He helped three wounded.

FARROW'S BANK FOR WOMEN

- Is a bank entirely managed and staffed by Women.
- Every description of joint-stock banking is transacted.
- Current Accounts are opened and interest paid on credit balances.
- Deposit Accounts: interest from 3 to 4 per cent. according to the notice of withdrawal.
- Banking by Post: Ladies who cannot visit town will find this department a great convenience.

An illustrated booklet fully explaining the advantages of a banking account can be obtained, post free, on application to the Managers.

FARROW'S BANK FOR WOMEN,

143, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
(Opposite Hyde Park)
LONDON, S.W.

A Branch of Farrow's Bank, Ltd.

Head Office—1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

A. H. & CO.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS.

Unredeemed Pledge Sale.
Special Supplementary List of this Month's
Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.
SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.
Don't Delay, Write at Once.
IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.
Bargains in Watches,
Jewellery, Plate,
Musical Instruments,
Clothing, &c.
Illustrated Far
List Now Ready.
ALL GOODS SENT
ON SEVEN DAYS'
APPROVAL.

- 12/9 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent embroidery, perfect, everything excellent; exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a woman's personal work; money sent 12th approval.
- 16/9 Real Coney Musquash Seal, 23/6 set; elegant long ultra Wrap or Stone, and extra large Yellow Muff; perfect skin, beautifully satin lined, exceedingly handsome; together, sacrifice, 16/9; approval before payment.
- 14/6 Real Russian Fur, 23/7 1/2 set; very elegant, rich dark sable brown; extra long Buckingham Stole, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; together, 14/6; approval before payment.
- 21/- Most elegant Black Fox Shaggy Princess Stole, 21/4 set; extra long; latest Parisian style, and large Autumn Muff; together, 21/1 1/2; approval before payment.
- 67/6 Coat, 5-in. long; exceptionally fine quality, latest Paris model, deep roll collar; 67/6; approval with trial.
- 10/6 Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, Wyvern's warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; handsome fob; from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 10/6; approval before payment.
- 4/9 Lady's Necklet, Hold Bonnet chain; set of 4/9; Parisian pearls and turquoise, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
- 12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy, solid links; 12/6; approval before payment.
- 12/6 Lady's 22/10, choice 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless expanding Watch Bracelet; will fit any variety; perfect timekeeper; 12/6; week's free trial; 12/6; approval before payment.
- 21/- Lady's 22/10, Solid Gold English hallmarked Keyless Watch Br. cased; in my trial; 21/-; week's warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 21/1; approval, 21/1.
- 19/9 Superior quality Blankets, magnificent, parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.
- 49/6 Gent's 22/10, Solid Gold English hallmarked Watch (R. Stanton, London), jewelled movement; time minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49/6.
- 12/6 Colour Furs long Grosvenor Stole, trimmed tails and heads, and large Muff to match; length 12 ft., original price, 22/10; approval willingly before payment.
- 3/9 Lady's 18-ct. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one of lovely faceted pearls and turquoise; 3/9; approval, 3/9.
- 18/6 Binoculars, 22/10, full Field of Marine Glasses, 6 lens magnification power by Lumiere; name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore; in saddle made, sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 18/6.
- 8/6 Massive Curb Chain Fadoick bracelet, with safety clasp, solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled in velvet case; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval willingly before payment.
- 10/6 Lady's 22/10, 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch (Altea Co., London), time minute month; also long Watch Guard, same quality; week's free trial; sacrifice, 10/6.
- 19/9 Lady's 22/10, Troussess, 24 superfine quality; 19/9; Nightdresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, &c.; great bargain; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.
- 13/9 Choice 23/6, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) Filled Wristlet Watch; high-grade movement; 10 years' warranty; time minute a month; week's free trial; sacrifice, 13/9.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept.) Pawnbrokers,
28 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

MR. CHURCHILL'S SUCCESS.

THESE FINAL DAYS of the Old Year are always a retrospective season; we review results at this time; though to-morrow, after a stroke of the clock, all thoughts must be turned to the future again—anticipating, hoping, planning. This year, more than in any other year within the memory of living men, is there good reason to look back and to look forward.

The general review of things, the customary retrospect, will presumably bring with it an estimate of the forces mechanical and personal on our side, the personal or human element being the most vital. What *men* have we behind the *machinery* of it all? What reputations already have been diminished or confirmed? Whose name, dim before August, is illustrious now?

In England, naturally enough, the first glance for this swift review of men and machinery goes, as our way is, to the Navy.

So much was asked of it, so much expected, and already so much has it given! Its constant and wearing service has received, we think, the true gratitude of all whose vision pierces the actual and symbolical fog. Names and things here are and must be for the most part veiled, sudden glory and shouting being at present not the easy destiny of those to whom we owe our existence in these months. Whether officials at home, toiling over desks and papers, or simple rough men on the seas, they cannot have known since August a day or an hour of waking life free from stern tension of brain and nerve, free from the hardest and often, as we said, the least obviously rewarding or recognisable labour. "All hats off on this last day of the year to the officers and men of the fleet, to the flying men and brave victors of the sea and air, and to the toilers at home! Cuxhaven and the Pacific—from end to end they have done fine things. But perhaps the finest thing they have done is their continuous siege-girdle round the navigable ways, their unapparent watch, their waiting, their patience greater than any single act could be.

To those responsible for this watch and waiting we owe deep gratitude. The names of Jellicoe, Fisher and Winston Churchill are brighter in all eyes to-day than they were five months ago. To all of us? Well, we are a grumbling people, and there must always amongst us be an opposition, whose function it is to oppose, and to imply that they could do it better themselves. Thus nearly everybody, and Mr. Churchill especially, has had offers of First Aid from Fleet Street—offers inaudible for the moment, since Cuxhaven, a day or two ago. Perhaps Mr. Churchill, who has emphatically the fighting temperament, has been helped by wordy advice more than any other man. He speaks. He speaks openly and freely. Therefore he receives the wordy answer and opposition. And yet we should say that hardly any well-deserved reputation since the war began has been more remarkably consolidated than his. For long before the war, he was amongst the first to secure the walls of safety now all about us; at the opening of the war, he was amongst the promptest to act upon the gravity of the moment; all during the war, his courage and energy have inspired our people's pugnacity to its highest pitch and secured the fruit of labours begun long ago. If, in spite of all this, grumblers and tremblers from office rooms have shivered and said: "Ought it to be done like that?" we need not do more than smile at them. We know that sort well enough. We prefer Mr. Winston Churchill.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Beyond all wealth, honour, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous and true is to become in a measure good, generous and true ourselves. T. Arnold.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"THE DAILY MIRROR" AT THE FRONT.

ON BEHALF of "A" Squadron, we thank you heartily for the free distribution of your paper, which has been received regularly, despite our frequent and varied movements.

All ranks greatly appreciate your esteemed paper, especially Haselden's cartoons.

7th DRAGOON GUARDS.

"SOCIAL SUPERIORITY."

"A SHORTHAND TYPIST" seems to have overlooked the fact that all who give their services for money are servants. Then why despise the useful "general," who cannot be done without, and on whom so many people's comforts depend? Is shorthand typing such a lofty position to have attained that your correspond-

and the amateur news-provider, who is the rumourist, will cease going on his rounds. Campden Hill-road, W. R. G.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 8d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

ADVERTISING FOR RECRUITS.

AS A PERMANENT reader of your ever-delightful paper, may I suggest a better method for the stimulating of recruiting than in placing huge hoardings everywhere that entail much expense, time and money. My suggestion is that an ap-

BRITAIN AT WAR

What We Can Learn from the Belgians Now Our Guests.

GOOD AND BAD.

THIS IS NO TIME for friends to criticise another, but rather for all of us—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians—to try to learn from another.

Each race has its good and its bad qualities. I hope our Belgian guests will try to see good in us and not meanwhile fret too much about little differences in habit or sentiment between the two races.

AN ADMIRER OF BELGIUM.

LESSONS FROM THEIR LADIES.

SURELY those housewives from Brussels teach our housewives much. "W. M." talks about them as hard-working folk.

Very well, then, the ladies who come to teach our English how to live not to waste good food, and therefore money, as they do.

A HUSBAND.

MORE TACT WANTED.

NO DOUBT some of our good guests may sometimes seem a little try.

But remember often we in England are in tact.

Failure in tact has, I am afraid, been very common in our reception of the Belgians.

I have seen well-to-do people invited in the most casual way to tea with peasants. We shall altogether fail to realise that Belgians of every class are amongst us that they are naturally more sensitive to differences amongst another than we, foreigners, can be expected to be.

In order to understand this, we ought to put matter in terms of British life and ask ourselves how we should like to be upon to hob-nob with people we usually played as servants at home. Suppose we were in Belgium under the same conditions as Belgians are in England.

A little reflection would easily save us from blunders in tact I have referred to.

AN ENGLISH HOSTESS.

TO WAKE US UP.

I HAVE HEARD a soldier (been through the latter part of Mons retreat, seven days of Aisne, invalided with bad and four slight wounds, off to battle again in January) express much the same sentiments as your correspondent, "M. E."

He thinks a few ship raids over the home counties necessary to wake up a very stupid people who have been the end of a bit of German string for years past.

GERMANISED COIN.

IN A RECENT issue of the appeared on page 10 an illustration of a centimes piece with German helmet stamp over the head of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Apparently your correspondent saw it and thought it was a very interesting thing.

These were both brought from Strasburg at the siege in 1870—so probably the coin was a correspondent saw it and thought it was a very interesting thing.

many's ambition forty-four years ago.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 30.—The early-flowering heauts are plentiful subjects for the garden. They will grow in any fairly light soil, save one of a very chalky nature. Growing only about two inches tall, they are useful for planting on rockery.

Erica carnea hybrida (rosy pink) is already beginning to open its pretty flowers. Soon, the Alpine forest heath will be blooming, as its rich red flowers will continue bright until April. There is also an attractive white variety (alba).

E. E. F.

WHAT THE OLD YEAR LEAVES FOR THE WILLIES.



Glad though they may be to see the Old Year go, the Willies have nothing much to expect from the New Year, in view of the heavy burden left behind for them to deal with.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

dent can afford to snub her more humble sister?

She should remember that every girl doesn't have the same educational advantages, and I should like to ask if "snobism" is going to improve our generation? Hasn't it been just that which the present generation was suffering from before the war?

As regards your correspondent's knowing how to treat general servants, does she regard them as on a level with dogs, to whom she would give an occasional pat on the head when she felt inclined? I wonder our soldiers and sailors, who are some servants' fathers and brothers, are considered good enough to give their lives in her defence. It is a pity their pedigree and education couldn't be gone into first for her satisfaction.

M. L.

RUMOURISM.

THE ORIGIN of rumourism is surely the feeling amongst the public that "things are being kept back from us."

Make it clear that nothing will be kept back but what ought to be, for military purposes,

peal should be placed on all match-boxes, and I think this would be a far more searching method to bring the reluctant ones forward.

All our young men seem to be smokers. What ever else they see or don't see, they are certain to see match-boxes. And every match-box they see many times—in fact, whenever they light a cigarette. Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for rubbing a point in—in two senses.

H. E. BUTLER.

CLOUDS AFTER WIND.

Only at gathered eye knew we The marvels of the day: for then Mount upon mountain out of sea Arose, and to our spacious ken Trebled sublime Olympus round In towering amphitheatre. Colossal an enormous mound, Majestic gods we saw confer. They waited the Dream-messenger From off the loftiest, the crowned That Lady of the hues of foam In sun-rays, who, close under dome, A figure on the foot's descent, Irradiate to vapour went. . . .

GEORGE MEREDITH.

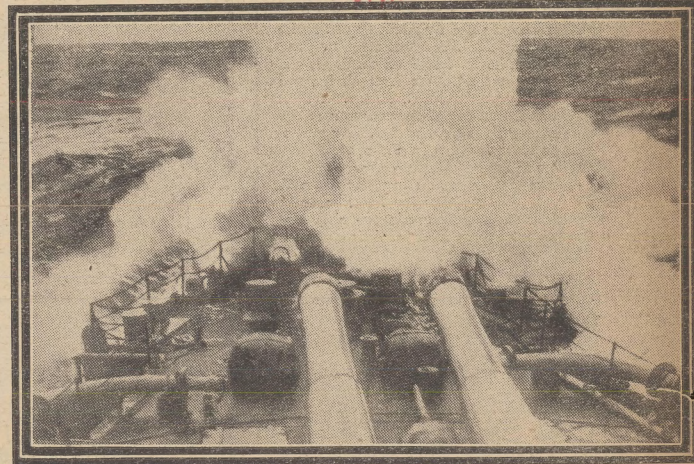
OUR ACTIVE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA



The British forces in far away East Africa are doing their share nobly in the defence of the Empire against the Kaiser's widely-scattered Huns. A British force is seen here

moving a "15-pounder" from the Mombasa Coast Defence. In the other photograph a Hotchkiss gun is being fired.

HOW OUR BRITISH BATTLESHIPS BRAVED THE BLUSTER OF THE TERRIBLE STORM AT SEA.



During the recent terrible gales our North Sea Fleet encountered very heavy seas. Here is one of our cruisers in the heavy weather almost hidden by a big swell. The other photograph

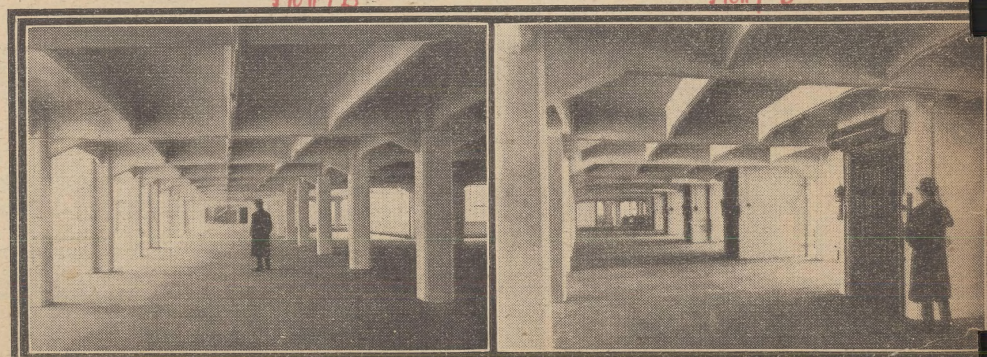
shows the bow of a battleship completely under water as the vessel ploughs its way through a tremendous sea.

THE NEW LADY BURKE.



Miss Elsie Mathews, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Mathews, whose marriage to Sir Gerald Burke, Bart., Irish Guards, took place at St. James's, Spanish-place.

LONDON'S NEW MIGHTY MILITARY HOSPITAL IS READY.



Two views in the new military hospital which has been constructed for the use of our armies in Stamford-street. It is the largest hospital in the world. It is probable that at least 10,000 patients will be accommodated. Inside, the huge building is a marvel of efficiency. provides a bed and nearly 2,000 beds have already been subscribed for.

NOW BATTLEFIELDS MADE OF SALT IN REALISTIC NURSERY.



Holding a mountain ridge against the Germans.



The Grenadier Guards in the trenches.



The Allies descend a mountain pass.

The children of the present age seem to have realistic temperaments. They try to make a nursery a reflection of the outside world. That is why some ingenious little chil-

dren, hearing of our brave soldiers fighting in the snow, have made these mountainous battlefields of snow out of salt for their toy armies.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A DEER THAT ATTENDS DRILL.



Richmond Park a tame deer can be found every morning attending drill of the Westminster Yeomanry. He leaves his companions and "stands by" during the whole of the drill.

BRAVE BROTHERS.



Bandsman George Reynolds, who rescued his brother Frank from the trenches. He pulled at his overcoat for ten minutes.



Bandsman Bert Reynolds, another brother of George and Frank. All three are in the Army. Frank is badly wounded.

KNEE DRILL FOR THE TURKS.



Praying Turks on board a warship. The Turks have declared the war a "holy" one, so that, in addition to the Turkish sailors' duties, they pray now five times daily.

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.
500 Pieces of 34in. All-Silk Natural Shantung
(beautifully bright and quite free from dust).
Wash 1/111 per yard. **Sale Price 1/0** per
yard.

All Drapery Goods Carriage Paid to any Rail-
way Station in England and Wales.



Useful and becoming
Velvet Hair Shape,
moderate trim and soft
crown, trimmed ribbon.
Usually 7/11. Now **3/6**



40 doz. Knit-
ted Fibre
Hosiery,
all colours.
1/11
each.



All Drapery
Goods
Carriage
Paid to
any
address
in the
Kingdom



No. M 370.—Wonder-
ful Offer to General
Assorted designs in Prin-
cess Petticoats, similar
style to sketch. Lace or
embroidered trim mod.
Usual price 4/11 and
6/11.
All One Price **2/11**



M 80.—Warm
Vests. Rollable
knitted of wool mix-
ture with short
sleeves. Very
large size for
sleeping. Also
M 81.—Ribbed
Knitted Wool
in good sizes for
day wear. Well
worth 1/8. All
one price, each
1/3
3 for 3/6.



The Ideal Shoulder Strap and
Chest Developer.—splendid
support for the back; obviates
round shoulders; light, comfort-
able, easily adjusted. For growing
boys and girls as well as adults.
Small, Medium, or Large sizes.
All one price, per pair **1/-**
post free



No. M 77.—
Knicker-bag
bargain ribbed knit-
ted, stockinette,
excellent for
trousers, elastic at
waist, elastic at
ankles, in dark
and light colours.
Worth 2/9. All
one price, each
2/-
3 pairs for 5/9.



No. M 77.—Special Line
Ladies' Striped Flannel
etc. Full size. Usual price
4/11. **Sale Price 3/9**

The Shopping Centre of North London.

Jones Brothers

HOLLOWAY ROAD · LONDON · N

WINTER SALE

THIS SALE—NOW IN PROGRESS—
marks another "seven-league" stride in
our continual progress. All Bargain
records are again broken, and every department
teems with Amazing Values in reliable goods
of our own standard qualities, which may be
bought by post just as confidently as
over the counter. Please write now for the
Sale Catalogue (post free) and order as early as
possible, to secure the best. But if you can

come personally, we urge you to do so, for
only then can you begin to understand all that
"JONES BROS." stands for in satisfactory
shopping.

Since the establishment of the house
50 years ago, it has grown from one small
shop to the present huge store, comprising 85
departments, and supplying every personal and
household need at prices which cannot be
equalled anywhere else in London.

**First
Remnant Day
To-morrow
Jan. 1.**



We are offering a number of
Blouses in Black and White
striped material (as sketch). New
extended shoulder allowing am-
ple fullness at front, the collar
and rest are of White Hair
Cord Volo 3 sizes).
Our price (each) **2/3**
1/11. **Sale Price 1/5**
These cannot be repeated at
same price when sold.



**Special Offer of Cardigan
Velvet Blouses** in Light
and Dark Saxe, Navy, Ruby, and
a few in Black. Newest French
shaped sleeves, cuffs, collar, &c.,
trimmed with silk knots.
5 of Bengalia Cord to tone.
Offered in 3 sizes for **3/-**
each

OUR big store is easily
reached by tram,
train, tube or bus, and we
maintain a splendid de-
livery service with a fleet
of express motor vans,
which daily cover a radius
of nearly 40 miles around
London.



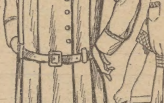
"Amazing Value."
About 470 Girls'
School Dresses,
made in good quality
Tweeds. They have
been made from odd
lengths after ex-
cutting our season's
orders. In various
shades of Brown,
Size 28, 30, 32, 34
36ins. only. Navy
and Saxe only. Sizes
22 and 24 in.
All one price **8/5**
Every Frocks bargain



No. M 372.—Special
Purchase, Children's
Knit Suits (no
knickers). Practical
garment for home and
school wear. Navy
and Saxe only. Sizes
22 and 24 in.
Bargain price **2/6**



No. M 82.—Warm
Combination, ex-
cellent quality, woven
wool mixture, splen-
dily finished, good
shape, absolutely un-
shrinkable. Un-
equalled in the
line for wear in
White or Natural.
Regularly 4/11, per
pair. Clearing at **5/-**
3 pairs for 14/6.
Outside 6d. extra.



All Drapery
Goods
Carriage
Paid to
any
Railway
Station
in England
and Wales.

Another Juvenile Bargain. Our entire stock of
Girls' Tennis Dresses (as & similar to sketch)
in good quality tweeds, serge, alpaca, deep hem
for lengthening purposes. In various shades of
Green, Brown, Black and White checked and
stripes (a few Navy in small size only). All sizes
same price, 27, 30, 33, and 36.
To clear, each **8/9**



Let 24—Excellent
Bargain in Foot-
wear. Boys' strong
Leather School Boots,
as sketch. Note for hand
wear. Sizes 11 to 14
Usual 6/11
Size 2 to 5. Usual
7/11. **Sale Price 5/11**



Waterproof Capes for Boys or Girls.
Guaranteed rubber. In Fawn only.
Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32,
36, 38 in. long at back. Each **4/-**
usually sold at 5/6, 5/11 and 6/11.
Hoods or Soft water Hats to match.
2/- each.



A Special Purchase of Girls' Mac-
intosh Coats, Russian shape,
30 inches to 48. All one **10/-**
Price. Many in stock



Very becoming Hat
in Swedish Velvet for
Matron's wear trim-
med handsome Black
Ostrich mount. Usual
price 2/9. Now **12/-**
Or can be supplied
trimmed ribbon bow,
3/-



No. M 372.—Special
Purchase, Children's
Knit Suits (no
knickers). Practical
garment for home and
school wear. Navy
and Saxe only. Sizes
22 and 24 in.
Bargain price **2/6**



No. M 82.—Warm
Combination, ex-
cellent quality, woven
wool mixture, splen-
dily finished, good
shape, absolutely un-
shrinkable. Un-
equalled in the
line for wear in
White or Natural.
Regularly 4/11, per
pair. Clearing at **5/-**
3 pairs for 14/6.
Outside 6d. extra.



All Drapery
Goods
Carriage
Paid to
any
Railway
Station
in England
and Wales.

Another Juvenile Bargain. Our entire stock of
Girls' Tennis Dresses (as & similar to sketch)
in good quality tweeds, serge, alpaca, deep hem
for lengthening purposes. In various shades of
Green, Brown, Black and White checked and
stripes (a few Navy in small size only). All sizes
same price, 27, 30, 33, and 36.
To clear, each **8/9**



Let 24—Excellent
Bargain in Foot-
wear. Boys' strong
Leather School Boots,
as sketch. Note for hand
wear. Sizes 11 to 14
Usual 6/11
Size 2 to 5. Usual
7/11. **Sale Price 5/11**



Waterproof Capes for Boys or Girls.
Guaranteed rubber. In Fawn only.
Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32,
36, 38 in. long at back. Each **4/-**
usually sold at 5/6, 5/11 and 6/11.
Hoods or Soft water Hats to match.
2/- each.



A Special Purchase of Girls' Mac-
intosh Coats, Russian shape,
30 inches to 48. All one **10/-**
Price. Many in stock

Comforts for our Soldiers & Sailors



All-Wool Combination Bel-
t—Soldiers' greatest com-
fort. Heavy knit Khaki.
Our Price **1/9** 1/3
21/- per dozen.
Sold elsewhere at 2/9 each.



All-Wool Body Belts. Soldiers' safeguard
against damp and chill. Heavy make. Regu-
lation pattern. **21/-** per doz.
Our Price **1/9** 1/3



Hand-Knit Sailors'
Mitts. All-Wool,
heavy make. In
Heather and Dark Grey.
1/3 each.
14/- per dozen.



Regulation Cardigans. All-
Wool. Soldiers' greatest com-
fort, for Day or Night wear.
Exceptional value. In few
quantities **8/6** and **12/6**
Special quotations for large
quantities.
Real Bargains in Flannel
Shirts, in Army Grey or
Khaki. From **4/6** to **6/6**
Worth securing.
See our Extraordinary Value
to the Dressing Gowns, for
the Wounded.
35/- to 63/- qualities **25/6**
21/- to 25/- qualities **15/6**

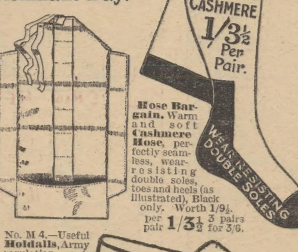
TO-MORROW is the First Remnant Day.



No. M 1.—Useful
Muslin.
The Soldier's
Companion.
Well fitted
with the most useful
& necessary
articles:
Needles, Thread,
Mending
Wool, Safety-
razor, etc. A
special in-
dispensable
to the
soldier or
sailor. Each
only. Worth 1/9.
per 1/32 3 pairs
only. **1/32** for 3/6.



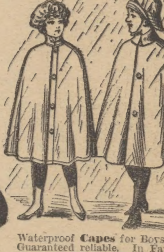
No. M 4.—Useful
Hollows. Army
regulation, pat-
tern and size, for
Knives, Forks,
Spoon, Brushes,
Soap, etc. In
strong crash.
Sale Price **9d.**



No. M 368.
British made
Corset in strong
Grey and White
Cord, particu-
larly snug fit
shape, as sketch.
Size 28. Usual
price 4/11. **Sale Price 2/11**



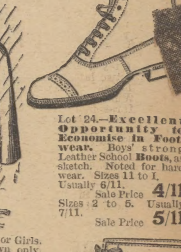
Lot 37.—Ladies' Fine Gilt Kid (Gibson)
Shoe, as sketch. Comfort and dur-
ability assured. Usual 6/11.
Sale Price **5/-**



No. M 49.—Gentle Check Felt Slippers,
with leather soles, suitable for the
wounded. Special Sale **2/-**
Price, per pair.
Reduced price for quantities.
N.B.—These slippers also re-
quired with all orders



Lot 38.—Ladies' Gilt Kid (Gibson)
Shoe, as sketch. Flexible sole and rubber
heel, suitable for house or hos-
pital wear. Sale Price **2/-**



Lot 27.—Children's Tan Willow Cat
Boots, as sketch. Every pair guaranteed.
Neat clean shape. Sizes 7 to 10.
Usual 6/11. **Sale Price 4/11**
Size 11 to 1. Usual 7/11. **Sale Price 4/11**



Lot 39.—Ladies' Gilt Kid (Gibson)
Shoe, as sketch. Flexible sole and rubber
heel, suitable for house or hos-
pital wear. Sale Price **2/-**

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Lovely looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one whose his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Carlisle, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Carlisle.

As she is seen by Mrs. Carlisle, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is with rage and jealousy.

I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, who is a very elastic one.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie solemnly informs her that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens with grief.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and lifted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and waits for her. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old ruins, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysdyke, the beautiful old family house.

After one or two days he starts to work, and his husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marzoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be good as new.

They return to Greysdyke together. One night, when Sylvia is walking in the garden, Sir George Clair suddenly appears. He tells her for Valerie, and there is a scene. Lane comes out, and after getting rid of Sir George, pesters Sylvia again, and catches hold of her hand. "Don't touch me!" she cries.

THE MASK IS OFF.

SYLVIA regretted the cry almost so soon as it was uttered, certainly before the little laugh with which Lane greeted it had floated out on the soft night air.

A curious feeling that she could not have analysed possessed her, that by that cry she had placed herself in his power. She made a movement as though she would have gone past him back to the house, but he checked her by a little gesture of command.

"Not yet, please, Sylvia. We have a good deal to say to each other, you and I. Confess, and you shall have your cards for very well to-night. And there is your gratitude? So long as Clair is blind, dramatic, and all other rights secured."

refrains from the temptation to gossip with his governess—and from what I saw of the lady the good man need not be a St. Anthony to do that—there is no further danger to be feared from that quarter."

He took out his cigarette case and opened it deliberately, eyeing her the while with a whimsical smile.

There was a great deal of the feline in this man's nature, as well as in the lithe grace of his movements, and the situation was developing on lines that promised him excellent sport. All these years that he had lived under the same roof with this girl it had cost him no more effort to hold his hand than it costs a cat to sit motionless hour after hour dreaming yet watchful at the mouth of a mouse hole.

There had not been in his mind any definite desire for retaliation on the girl who had persistently snubbed him at a time when he took snubs from her somewhat hardly. He had been quite content to play the game of cat and mouse and let her fawn over whatever he chose to imagine at his hands. He had a sublime belief that, sooner or later, fate would put the power of revenge into his hands.

There had not been in his mind any definite desire for retaliation on the girl who had persistently snubbed him at a time when he took snubs from her somewhat hardly. He had been quite content to play the game of cat and mouse and let her fawn over whatever he chose to imagine at his hands. He had a sublime belief that, sooner or later, fate would put the power of revenge into his hands.

True, the memory of that night in Sloane-street when she had driven off and left him in the lurch, standing like a fool in the wind and the rain, had rankled.

And now to-night he felt that this interesting scene in the moonlit garden had amply wiped out the memory of that humiliation.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do?" He lighted a cigarette and looked at her enigmatically through the blue smoke wreaths. "I'm afraid I don't follow you exactly. Do you mind being a little more explicit?"

He enjoyed the flash of angry fire in the grey eyes as she replied:

"What is going to happen? This life can't go on. It was bad enough before—it is utterly impossible now."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, but all this?"—he waved his hand with the lighter cigarette in it—*is it*—is the game. You mustn't shirk your responsibilities, you know. Besides—what are you going to do when friend Hillier recovers his sight, eh? You won't be able to hoodwink him any longer. He's not like poor mad Clair. Even now he would avenge you very little then, I am afraid."

She said nothing. There was nothing that she could say; she knew that.

"Sylvia, you counted yourself very clever, I'm sure. But what a mess you've made of your life. What a mess! You'd have been wiser, all told, to accept the friendship I offered you in the old days at Sloane-street, eh?"

He threw away the cigarette he was smoking with an abrupt jerk of the wrist and came nearer to where she stood.

"It's possible that I might be your friend still, Sylvia," he said.

He was very near her, standing a little behind her, and the girl, though she could not see him, was conscious of the nearness. As in the drawing-room at Greysdyke on that first evening of his coming, she waited, tensed and motionless.

"Is it to be friendship or enmity?" she heard him say.

Perhaps he meant nothing more than to torment and tease her, as he might have tormented and teased a child. He bore her no malice; he realised that the future held a punishment for her a hundred times more bitter than ever his wounded vanity might have wished to inflict. But it was impossible to resist the temptation—her nearness, the influence of the moonlight and his own nature that regarded all women as fair sport. He laid his hand across her shoulder.

How dare you—how dare you touch me! The spell of her fear was broken. She turned swiftly and faced him, not the frightened girl any longer, but the indignant woman.

Jack's wife.

As the cry rang out—simultaneously with it, perhaps, but to Lane's ears like a response to it—there came a sharp sound of footsteps.

He gave a short, angry exclamation.

"You've done it. You little fool! Trust a woman every time for giving herself away!"

All his elegance dropped from him in the moment. He looked at her with the same light in his eyes as might illumine those of Mr. Bill Sikes betrayed in the cracking of a will by some indiscretion on the part of Miss Nancy.

"It's Jack—!" The words formed themselves on Sylvia's lips.

She saw him coming towards them swiftly across the lawn. How much had he heard? How far had her cry carried?

"Fee-to-fum—I smell an Egyptian cigarette. Is that you, Lane? I hope so—I've had a beast of a headache. Bed was a mockery. I came out to be alone with the stars."

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Are you sensitive? Do you lack self-confidence and personal push? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are "getting on" as your natural talents deserve?

I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire Nervous and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental-Neural handicaps you will be enabled at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send once or twice stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days, G. Elliott-Smith, 476, Imperial buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.—(Advt.)

Lane signalled to Sylvia to speak. His dark face was very terrible in that moment. He, too, dreaded what the blind man might have heard: he never felt wholly at his ease with John Hillier, and he wished very much to be at ease with his employer. This comfortable job, with no work to speak of and excellent pay, suited him very well. He was in no mind to lose it by reason of dalliance, either real or supposed, with Hillier's wife.

"Why, Jack, have you ever been to bed at all?" the girl said, controlling her voice by a supreme effort. "I don't believe it for a moment! You simply thought you had upstayed me—and then you slipped out to smoke and smoke in the garden. And you know how stern Dr. Marzoff was on that score."

"You here, too? My word," Hillier laughed, but to Sylvia's ears there was something lacking in his laughter. He had heard . . . he guessed . . . perhaps, he even thought . . . all manner of broken thoughts starting up in her mind.

Oh, but no, it was not possible that Jack could for a moment imagine that she had slipped out here to meet his secretary . . . that thought was simply ludicrous.

"No, I plead guilty," Hillier said. "I didn't go to bed—instant I slept in my chair, and when I woke I thought I would have a breath of cool air before turning in. Certainly I did not expect to find you as far, Valerie."

Lane laughed. He was extremely discomfited for an individual usually so extremely self-assured. He lit a cigarette, but his fingers trembled a little.

"Certainly the hour is outrageous—for the country. Do you realise it, Lady Hillier? It is close on half-past twelve."

"Time you should be turning in, Valerie."

Hillier made a little movement of his arm. She understood it, slipped her own under it. His hand closed on hers. Did he feel how it trembled—how all the little pulses were ajar and beating?

"If Nurse Masson knew she would consider you a very inefficient watchdog, my dear," he said. "I think we should go in—but should we have just a turn in the rose garden first and disturb all the sleeping flowers? Your cigarette would be absolutely out of place, though, and you mustn't throw it away—you've only lighted it. So—good-night to you, Lane."

Hillier turned as he spoke, and the two figures—man and woman—went slowly down the marble steps that led from the terrace to the rose garden.

Stanhope Lane stood looking after them.

There was an expression on his face not particularly pleasant.

Did the blind fool guess anything? Was it possible that he had guessed and overheard his wife's startled cry of awe?

That was a question very difficult to answer. Hillier's manner had betrayed nothing.

Only one thing was perfectly evident—he had dismissed his secretary from his society as coolly and as unhesitatingly as though he had been his valet.

The fact was extremely unpalatable to Stanhope Lane; extraordinarily unpalatable. He chewed the cud of it with some bitterness as he made his solitary way back to the house.

LANE ASKS A QUESTION.

JOHN HILLIER lay back in the deep chair and waited. His wife had just left the library and he wished to be certain that she was in no danger of returning before he summoned his valet.

Two or three minutes passed, lengthened into ten—or so he calculated, and he had grown wonderfully adept in the art, and no sound had disturbed the stillness save the rustle of leaves against the window, where a huge taburnum, golden with its drooping blossoms, pressed itself up close against the glass.

Hillier leaned forward and pressed the bell. He gave a certain violence to the action, as though waiting had imposed a strain upon him.

"Is that you, Johnson?" he asked as the library door opened.

"Yes, sir."

"Has your mistress gone out?"

"Yes, sir. The car went round by the west avenue; wonder you didn't hear it, sir."

"Is Mr. Lane out?"

"Yes, sir. He 'as gone 'to the links, sir, I believe."

The impassive face of the valet—impassive even before the master who could not see it—expressed none of the surprise that the man experienced at this unexpected inquiry.

"Ah, well, Johnson—then I must ask you to do it," Hillier gave a short sign that sounded to the servant uncommonly like a sigh of relief.

"You'll see my cheque-book over on that table, I believe. If it isn't on the table it will be in the first right-hand drawer. Got it? Bring it to me."

Johnson obeyed and stood waiting. A certain interest was stirring in him. He watched his master fumbling the leaves of the long book.

"Ever filled in a cheque, Johnson?"

"The servant coughed modestly.

"Well, yes, sir. As a matter of fact I 'ave a little account myself in the Capital an' Counties, West Hales branch. I don't 'old with the Post Office. The officials are go—well, in the manner of speaking, so officious, sir."

Hillier smiled. Johnson was a treasure who had come to him from the broken household of a man who had "nec been very well known on

(Continued on page 11.)

Waring & Gillow's Important Announcement GIFT

of all the proceeds of the highest day's takings at their Oxford St. Galleries from Jan. 4th to 30th

TO THE
WAR CHARITIES
IN THE NAME OF
THE INDIVIDUAL CUSTOMERS

See Saturday's Issue of this Paper
for further particulars.

WARING & GILLOW

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King
164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

OUR USUAL JANUARY BARGAINS

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. London.

was walking home late on Tuesday night, rather, early yesterday morning—and it seemed to me that there was something very reminiscent of things almost forgotten about the streets, yet I could not for the moment trace what. And then it dawned upon me. It was the light. A great, clear moon was flooding the streets of London, and for the first time for I don't know how many weeks—perhaps since the Great Darkness fell upon us in September—London looked its old self.

How Dare the Moon?

There was no need for street lamps early yesterday morning, and the light was most exhilarating. I overtook a neighbour as I swung along, and he had noticed, too. "Do you know," he said, "I can't help feeling that the moon will get into trouble for contravening the regulations. It makes one feel guilty to be walking about in all this light." And then we discussed what will happen when the lights do go up again. We agreed it would be "some night."

Lady Gorst Married Again.

So Lady Gorst has married again. The ceremony took place quietly last week at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. I read yesterday, and Lady Gorst is now Mrs. Allan, wife of Major Percy Allan, of the Gordon Highlanders. Things have changed since her first wedding eleven years ago, when he who is now the ex-Khedive of Egypt was among the many distinguished guests at the wedding of the London season.



Lady Gorst.

Keen "Fisherman."

Lady Gorst—or Mrs. Allan, as we must learn to call her—was a Miss Evelyn Rudd, the daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, the great South African financier, when she married Sir Eldon Gorst. When she reigned at the British Embassy at Cairo she was one of the most popular hostesses modern Egypt has ever known. Her father's home was in Argyllshire, and there she learnt to throw a fly as well as the best. She is a keen "fisherman" and an ardent motorist.

A House of Her Own.

Her mother died when she was a girl, and her father married again a young and pretty woman little older than her stepdaughter, who had then grown to womanhood. And on the arrival of the stepmother Mr. Rudd presented his daughter with a house of her own in London, with a full staff of servants, where she might go whenever she wished and be entirely independent.

An Advertisement.

In the early part of the year, while Lord Grey was touring in Australia and New Zealand, advertisements were inserted in certain London newspapers asking for his address, although it was well known that he was travelling about. Shortly afterwards, without waiting for his return to this country, an action was started against him by Mr. Dennis Spurling, Mr. Roland Hastings and the Exchange of International and Colonial Commerce, Limited, claiming damages in connection with the Dominion House scheme and the Aldwych site.

And Its Sequel.

Lord Grey naturally did not regard the action seriously, but the sequel is interesting, for since his defence to the claim was delivered on his return home no further proceedings have been taken on behalf of the plaintiffs, and the Court has now ordered the action to be dismissed for want of prosecution, and that the plaintiffs should pay the costs.

"Netty's Knitting Knick-knacks."

You remember the tongue-twisting chorus of "Sister Susie," the song of the seasons which I printed a couple of days ago. Well, an American comedian who is singing the same song in New York recently offered a prize for the best "knitting" verse to it. A New York journalist won it with this almost unsingable jingle. Try it:—

Netty's knitting knick-knacks for the soldiers,
Her nobby knack at knitting nets them neckties by the score,
Some natty soldier knockers would prefer some knickerbockers
To the knotty, knitted neckties Netty knits for necks galore.

Then count the K's and the N's.

Football Total, 752—Thank You.

Thank you; you've done it. The football total stands at 752. The seventh hundred is more than complete, the eighth half achieved.

Attack on the Applicants.

What with footballs and money which you kindly sent to buy footballs, I was able to run the total up to our magnificent figure—752—yesterday. Now I can set to work to attack the 150 odd unsatisfied applicants, whose numbers are being added to by each post.

Where One is Wanted.

One applicant, a gunner in the 5th Siege Battery at the front, wrote me yesterday asking for a ball. "On Christmas Day," he says, "we were asked to play a game with the Army Medical Corps. We borrowed a ball, but before we had been playing ten minutes it was taken away from us by the section that owned it because they wanted to play." His letter is typical of scores that I receive.

Let's Get a Thousand.

Therefore I ask you to help to complete the eighth hundred, and then the ninth, and then—well, a thousand is a fine, noble round number. Let's get a thousand footballs for "Tommy in the Field." He deserves it.

On the Germans' Raid.

These verses are sent me from Mr. George Weddell, of Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool. Mr. Weddell is a well-known business man, chairman of the firm that produces Cerebos and Bisto salt, and he viewed the bombardment of Hartlepool by the Germans from his house. The verses were inspired by the occasion:—

Sons
Of the Islands, rise!
The German guns
Bellow to the skies
And rain their shell
Like hail
On England's coast.

This
To fulfil their boast
Is but the first,
And not the worst,
Their hate will be—
This German host.

COME!

They
Had sworn to come:
They drank "unto the day,"
For years prepared the way.
Now hear the shrill horn
They will come—again.

Drum
And trumpet, sound amain!
Never before such need
For glorious deed.
Come up, come up—men!
You see your country bleed.
Come!

GEORGE WEDDELL.

Lucky French.

I had a long chat yesterday with an officer who has been attached to General French's staff for the past month or so and who has come home to get fit again. He says our General is tremendously popular. "Lucky French," is what the "Tommies" call him. "Good old Lucky French can't do wrong—so we're bound to come out all right," is a phrase with which our soldiers comfort themselves in dark moments.

Joffre's Sweets.

For two days my friend was seeing General Joffre and his staff constantly. He was greatly impressed by the French Commander-in-Chief. It seems he gives you a deep impression of solid bulk and quiet strength. He is the most silent Frenchman and the least emotional my friend has ever met. But he allows all his staff to talk to him and give him advice. He always nods his head, but he never takes their advice. Joffre seldom smokes, but carries sweetmeats in his pockets, which he munches at frequent intervals.

Smith-Dorrien's Partridges.

One of the men our soldiers swear by is General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. They call him "Smithy." He loves partridge shooting, and the other week inadvertently trespassed on a certain Countess's estate on a partridge quest. The Countess sent out a furious message to the General and his friends to tell them they were trespassing, and the General sent an ample apology in his own name. Then the Countess came running out herself. "Please shoot as many partridges as you have killed Germans," she said. The party stayed to dinner.

"Good as Gold."

Newspaper articles having apparently failed to induce Germans to part with their gold and let the Imperial Bank have it in exchange for paper, the German Government has taken to advertising its needs and booming its paper money. The following notice has appeared in large type in several papers:—

OUT WITH YOUR GOLD COINS.

Everywhere in town and country gold is being kept back. Let all of you help to collect this gold. Make it known everywhere that our good German paper money has the same worth and purchasing power as gold. It is for everyone a patriotic duty to render our financial position sure. All post-offices change gold free of charge.

Hungary Cross with Laszlo.

Philip Alexius Laszlo, the Hungarian portrait painter, who has, since the outbreak of the war, become a naturalised British subject, has brought down upon his head an avalanche of invective from the newspapers of his native



Philip Alexius Laszlo.

land. Looking through a recent issue of the *Pester Lloyd*, the big Budapest paper, I find this terrible denunciation of the artist.

What the Papers Say

"Philip Laszlo, who owes his names, his fame and the origin of his wealth to Hungary, renounces his birthright at a time when his country has to fight for its existence. He leaves us to enter the ranks of our worst enemy, of those whose fault it is that this cruel war has to be fought. He has betrayed his country in the moment of extreme peril and sides with those who offer him gold."

Disown Him.

"Philip Laszlo, whom we were proud to call a Hungarian artist, has ceased to exist for Hungary. Hereafter we shall not think of him as a Hungarian nor as an artist. We are turning his pictures out of our galleries, where we honour the works of Lavery, Sauter and Lawrence. Out with the renegade!" Budapest is evidently very cross about it.

Worked in London.

Laszlo has done much of his work in London of recent years, and he has been one of the most popular of portrait painters among the wealthy English and Americans. The banned portraits in the Budapest museum are those of Pope Leo XIII., Prince Hohenlohe, the former German Imperial Chancellor, and Bishop Fraknoi, a Hungarian, who was Pope Leo's librarian.

"Paris War Days."

In his excellent diary—the first intimate account of Paris during the crucial days of the war, Mr. Charles Inman Barnard, a veteran journalist, who for twenty years has resided in the "ville lumière," tells this story. "I met in the Rue de la Paix," he says, "two Irish cavalry soldiers, who had become detached from their squadron during the operations north of Paris. 'The last place we remember fighting at was Copenhagen,' said one of the men. But, on being further questioned, it turned out that Copenhagen was Tipperary dialect for Compiègne."

A Bull Christmas in Madrid.

Never has Spain witnessed such a dull Christmas time, writes a Spanish correspondent. There were no rejoicings at the royal palace on the fete day of Queen Victoria. The King gave £1,000 to the poor on that occasion, and people of all classes of society signed the register in the ante-chamber of her Majesty's apartments. The guards and retainers were in gala livery, but the usual banquet and reception did not take place.

Lucky Spanish Poor.

The "gros lot" of £240,000 in the annual Spanish national lottery has this year gone to those who need it most. The winning number was held in common by poor people in Ripoll and Barcelona, but as there were nearly 400 participants in the winning number, I fear some of them, especially those who only subscribed half-a-franc towards the purchase of the ticket, did not "touch" much.

Young Speculators.

A week before the drawing took place the street arabs of Madrid were camping out in front of the Mint, exposed to wind and cold and rain, in the hope that on the day when the winning numbers were declared they might sell their places for 5s., 10s., perhaps 15s.

Salutes for Woman Officer.

Most Germans feel honoured to be spoken to by an officer in uniform. What must be the pride of Frau Dr. Elizabeth Reinicke, who, I see in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has been appointed a military medical officer? As such, says the paper, she will wear an officer's uniform and insignia. N.C.O.s and men must salute her, sentries present arms to her, and detachments of men "eyes right" as they pass her.

THE RAMBLER.



HP SAUCE

is just what the housewife wants for clearing up the cold meat after Christmas.

Just a few drops give a new and delicious flavour which makes the meal so enjoyable.

Large Bottle 6d. of grocers.



Regimental Button Brooches

(Registered).



Souvenir Brooches made of genuine regimental Territorial buttons, fitted at back to take photo and finished in rich gilt. These form an excellent link between one's hero either in training or at the front and friends at home. Obtainable only in Jewellery Department at

DERRY & TOMS Kensington High St., W.

Post Orders despatched immediately.

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

The very first experiment recorded was made over six years ago, when a patch of hair was removed from the leg of a gentleman who was extremely sceptical. The spot has been absolutely bare ever since. The hair never grew again. It is, therefore, fairly safe to assume—after a period of six years—that the removal is permanent. The process is very simple, and may be carried out with such ease and simplicity that it is sure to find favour with ladies who are troubled with disfiguring growths of hair upon the face and arms. Phelacine contains no drugs or chemicals whatever; it may therefore be used upon the most delicate skin without fear of burns or scars. Phelacine is melted in the flame of a candle until it becomes of a syrup-like consistency, and in this state is applied to the objectionable hair growths. It is removed almost immediately and the hair comes away with it—by the root. That is an important point. Each root may be seen on the naked eye, and everybody knows that a cannot grow without a root. About 12 grains should be obtained, from any chemist, and applied as directed.—(Adv't.)

the Stars Sang to Our Soldiers in France: Photograph

ANCE'S Famous "75's"
in Action Against the
Huns : : : Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

SNOW-CLAD Battlefields
Made Out of Salt by
Children : : : Pictures.

FIRST AID UNDER THE BLUE CROSS.

9.11903 E



A Blue Cross surgeon operating on a horse of the French Army which was wounded by a piece of German shrapnel. The horse made an exceedingly docile patient. A large number of wounded horses have, after a period in hospital, returned to the front.

DEAD SOLDIER'S TWINS.

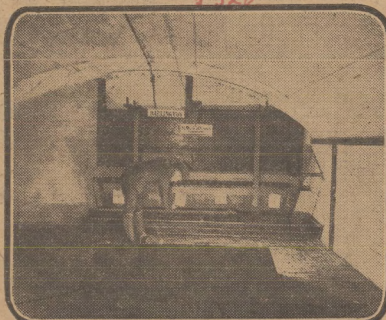
P. 16324



Private Charles Breddy was killed at Lille. His wife (on left) has given birth to twins, a boy and girl.

RIFLE RANGE IN CHURCH.

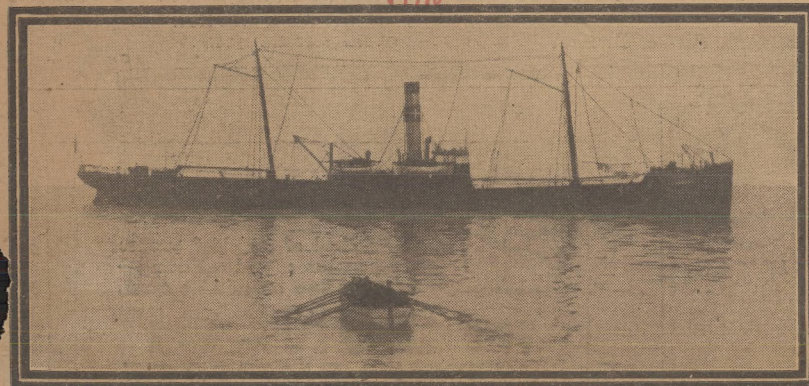
9.928



This is the new rifle range which has been fitted up in Kennington Parish Church for the benefit of recruits.

WHY AMERICA HAS SENT A NOTE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

9.1710



This photograph was taken with the British Grand Fleet. It illustrates the search of a suspected vessel in the North Sea. It is over the treatment of American commerce by the British Fleet in its campaign against contraband that the United States is protesting.

AFTERNOON GOWN.



A charming gown of black velvet with a white lawn collar is worn. (Model, Bechoff-Davis photo, Talbot, Paris.)

All "The Daily Mirror" war photographs are the copyright in the United States of America and Canada of the "New York Times."